

# The East Huron Gazette.

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 28th, 1892.

No. 22.

**J. A. TUCK, M. D.**  
MEMBER OF College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.  
GORRIE, ONT.

**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**  
Veterinary Surgeon

GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College, and registered member of Ontario Veterinary Association.  
Next to Methodist Parsonage,  
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

**JAS. McLAUGHLIN,**  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.  
Office—At my Residence, GORRIE.

**MISS O'CONNOR,**  
REGISTERED  
TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN & HARMONY  
Also Oil Painting.  
Residence—Methodist Parsonage, Gorrie.

**MISS GREGORY,**  
(Late of Harrison.)  
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER. APPRENTICES WANTED. Rooms over W. S. Bean's Store.

**ENNELL'S**  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
OR  
FORTUNATE  
COLLS.

**S. T. FENNELL,**  
Tonsorial Artist.

Capillary Abridger.  
Hirstute Vegetator.  
No Threshing Machines, Lawn Mowers or Mower-Axes used!  
Come in and sit down;  
**You're Next!**

**Greenlaw Mills.**  
Wroxeter, Ont.  
ROBERT BLACK, PROP.

FITTED UP WITH  
**HUNGARIAN ROLLER  
PROCESS.**

**FIRST-CLASS FLOUR**  
—FROM—  
**MANITOBA WHEAT.**  
Highest Price paid for Grain.  
Chopping Done.  
**ROBERT BLACK.**

**Vanstone Bros.,**  
WINGHAM

**Marble & Stone  
WORKS.**

Parties requiring work in the above lines will do well to call on us.  
We carry a large stock of marble and granite.  
We guarantee to save you money and give first-class work.

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.  
**MR. T. T. WATSON**

Will represent us on the road.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. Rev. T. A. Wright, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Services in Gorrie at 3 and 7 o'clock p. m. and at the church on the 2nd concession of Howick at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. A. Osborne, pastor.

METHODIST.—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. J. W. Pring, pastor.

**Dr. Sinclair,**  
M. D., M. A., L. C. P. S. O.,  
M. C. P. S. M.,  
SPECIALIST  
**TORONTO**

Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, And Diseases of Women positively. Treated successfully.

Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."  
Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."  
W. McDonald, Lakefield, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of Catarrh."  
Geo. Rowed, Blythe, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."  
Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.

CONSULTATION FREE.  
DR. SINCLAIR will be at the  
**Albion Hotel, Gorrie,**  
—ON—  
**Monday, May 9th, 1892**

**Seeds.**  
**Seeds.**

**Seeds.**  
**Seeds.**

**SEEDS!**  
**SEEDS!**

Timothy, Common Red, Mammoth and Alsike, Clover Seeds, a full supply constantly kept on hand.

Any farmer wanting any new seed WHEAT or OATS of any kind can save postage and freight by ordering the same through me,

—AT—  
**McLaughlin's**

**Drug Store.**  
GORRIE.

**R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.**  
HONOR Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Fellow of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association. Under Graduate of C.B.C., Hamilton. Successor to J. Martin, V.S. Dentistry a specialty. Office, Main St., Wroxeter.

**Bull for Service.**  
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at LOT 18, 50N, B HOWICK. He is three years old, and weighs 2,550 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.  
TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.  
HENRY WILLIAMS.

**The Lion Store**



**Just Lovely!**

Never saw prettier! was the unanimous verdict of all the Ladies who visited our Show Rooms during our Millinery Opening. Our stock is still complete in all lines as we have given large repeat orders.  
Full line of summer Fongee Silks, from 25c. per yard up.  
Our Prints and Dress Goods are exceptional in style, quality and price.  
Stock in all departments replete with the Latest in everything.  
Our Lace Curtains at 50c. pair are grand value. And our 40c. Soft Crush Felt Hats are daisies.  
28 lbs. of Raisins for \$1; or 20 lbs. of prunes for \$1.  
Good fruit.  
This column every week we intend to devote to facts and figures. They are what tell. So keep your eyes on it. Something new every time.  
Produce wanted at highest market price.  
No trouble to show goods at the

**Lion Store,**  
WROXETER,  
J. W. SANDESON.  
Wanted—a large quantity of Maple Syrup.

**Eggs for Hatching.**  
PURE IMPORTED LIGHT BRAHMA.  
Eggs for sale at 25 cents per setting of 13 eggs.  
J. R. WILLIAMS,  
Gorrie.

**Seed Potatoes.**  
I HAVE on hand a supply of JACKSON Potatoes, which I will sell at 4¢ per bushel.  
These potatoes are of a hardy, Southern variety, have proven to be heavy, prolific yielders in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.  
The quantity is limited so come early.  
J. R. WILLIAMS,  
Gorrie.

**DENTISTRY.**  
J. S. JEROME, L. D. S., Wingham, will visit Gorrie, the 1st and 23rd Monday of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted.

**Local Affairs.**  
Try the Glasgow House for boots and shoes. The quality and prices all right.  
Mrs. Fleming, of Mt. Forest, is visiting her daughter Mrs. (Rev.) Carter.  
Mr. Watson brought two car-loads of horses to Gorrie yesterday, which are to be shipped to Scotland at once.  
The annual meeting of the subscribers of the Mechanics' Institute, Gorrie, will be held in the town hall on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock.  
Mrs. Wright, of Woodstock, mother of Mrs. Nelson McLaughlin, is here on a few weeks visit.

A pleasing feature of the services in the Methodist church on Sabbath evening was the finely rendered duet "Hope Beyond," by Mr. and Miss Greer.  
The telegraph Co., had a man here this week removing the wires to permit the old church building to pass Main St. He did his work so well that there was scarcely a moment's obstruction of the wires.  
Rev. Mr. Wright's lecture to men and boys only, last Wednesday night, drew out a large and interested audience. The rev. gentleman is doing much good by his plain and earnest talk, to the male sex.

The C. P. R. Co., is increasing the freight room at the Gorrie station and a projecting window, for the accommodation of the operator, is also being added.  
The Union base ball club has not organized yet. They have the material for as good a team as ever but if they delay practicing they will go into their earlier matches much weakened on this account.  
The old Methodist church building has been removed to its new quarters and the work of fitting it up for lively stable purposes will be commenced in a day or two. The timbers of the building are staunch and sound and are evidently good for another thirty years of service.

Vanstone Bros. the famous marble cutters of Kincardine, have bought from Mr. Thos Watson, the Wingham Marble Works. Messrs Vanstone and Watson were in Gorrie on Monday and the new firm contracted for an advertisement in the GAZETTE which can be seen in this issue.

WANTED—A good driving horse. Apply to Dr. Armstrong, Gorrie.

Mr. Torrance, of Listowel, twin-brother of Rev. Mr. Torrance, of this village, was in Gorrie on Friday last. These brothers are the exact image of each other, and the GAZETTE editor is not the only person who was deceived by their close resemblance. We admit, however, to having been completely "taken in."  
While returning from a prayer-meeting, held at a farm house a few miles south of Gorrie one evening last week, an elderly couple, who lived just across the road, got lost in the orchard, the night being very dark, and were not able to extricate themselves until their son "Tam" for whom they called lustily for a long time, came with a lantern and guided them safely home. Their neighbors are now enjoying a good-natured joke at their expense.  
On Sunday last the Methodist services were held in the town hall. Mr. C. C. Kaine preached in the morning and Mr. Willoughby in the evening. Rev. Mr. Torrance was able to take part in both services. Quarterly services will be held on Sunday next. There will be no Sunday school in the afternoon, but the evening services will be devoted to the children.  
Mr. Taman, who was burned out on Tuesday night, started the next morning for Blyth, where his relatives live, to get instruments in connection with his business to replace the ones destroyed. He intends to commence work immediately on his return, to-day, so that those whose orders he has will scarcely be delayed by his misfortune.  
A meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the English church was held in the church on Monday last. They have undertaken to raise money to purchase a new organ for the church and have already quite an amount on hand for that purpose. At the above meeting it was agreed to hold a garden party on the 24th of May, at Mr. Jas. Perkins' to aid in their undertaking. Their object is a worthy one and deserves the support of every member of the congregation.  
Here is a nut for the Patrons of Industry and Grangers to crack. We have a large number of them on our subscription list and we will gladly give space to the reply of any who wish to make it: We are credibly informed that the recent "combine" of the manufacturers of farm machines has resulted in giving implements to the farmers at lower prices than before; and that many of the implements—more especially the binders—are better machines than the old ones.  
There is a standing reward of \$500, made a few years ago by the council, for the arrest of parties proven guilty of arson in the township. This ought to be sufficient to induce a good detective to attempt to ascertain whether or not there is any foundation for the suspicion held by many of our residents, that the fire the other evening was the work of an incendiary.  
Word was received here this week of the death of Mr. Alex. Wiggins, which occurred at Los Angeles, California, on Friday last, of diphtheria. Deceased was a son of Mr. Henry Wiggins, of this village, and was a well known and well liked Howick boy. He was married about two years ago, almost immediately after which he removed to Los Angeles.  
Our merchants are now buying and selling eggs by the pound. The new rule works quite satisfactorily and the wonder is that it was not adopted years ago. The next radical change which should come is the payment of the statute-labor tax in cash instead of the present unprofitable-to-all system of working it out on the roads. It is bound to come some time.  
The Gorrie Brass Band has been reorganized with Messrs. W. H. Clegg as President; W. Doig, Vice-Pres., N. McLaughlin, sec. Treas and J. W. Green, leader. The instruments will be given out on Friday evening when the Band expects to start practice with about 16 performers. Half a dozen or so of the old players will join the Band so the boys should be able to play in public in a few weeks.  
McLaughlin & Co. will sell you 8 lbs Japan Tea for \$1. It's not worth 50 cents a pound, but its a good one just the same. Try it.

Have you tried McLaughlin & Co.'s 4lbs tea for \$1? It's a T Sir. (Teaser.)

We extend our congratulations to Bro. Whately, of the Clinton News-Record on his recent appointment to the position of Collector of Customs in that town. As a reward for party services he is justly entitled to the position for he had done able service for a long time, and there is no more genial member of the Fourth Estate in the county. By the way, Bro. Whately has had some startling experiences lately. First he was shot—through his tall hat; next he "swore off" drinking—and that means a good deal to an editor; and now he's actually been placed in a position to handle a little money occasionally.

Division court was held here yesterday. One of the interesting cases which came up was Ferguson vs. Bell, and quite a number were present to listen to it. The trouble arose out of the sale of some cattle to Mr. Ferguson by Mr. Bell, with the understanding that they were to be delivered at Lakelet on a day named by the former gentleman, which was to be about the middle of the next week. On the day in question Mr. F. came and wished his stock delivered that same day. Mr. Bell was not at home, but his daughter went for him and the cattle were duly taken to Lakelet and weighed. Mr. Ferguson, however, did not expect that Miss Bell would overtake her father, (who had started for Wingham) so he proceeded to Clifford, and consequently was not on hand to receive the cattle and Mr. Bell consequently drove them home again. The next day Mr. Ferguson came for the stock but Mr. Bell now refused to deliver them, and tendered Mr. F. the advance money which he had paid on the animals. Hence the suit. Verdict was given in favor of Mr. Bell. Robinson, of Walkerton, for Plaintiff; Irwin, of Gorrie, for defendant.

Taman's tailorshop was burned to the ground on Tuesday night. The fire was first noticed by Miss Perkins, who observed it from her grocery store and gave as prompt an alarm as she could. The hostler at the Albion also heard the crackling about the same time and his lusty cries brought enough people to the scene, to carry the greater portion of Mr. Taman's clothing, machines, tools, etc., out before the interior became too hot. The building belonged to Mr. W. S. Bean, and workmen had been engaged for some time in the work of veneering it. Sharpin's brick tailorshop, a few feet distant on the south, was saved with difficulty, dozens of men working hard with buckets for about three quarters of an hour, while the wind fortunately favored their efforts, carrying the flames and smoke slightly away from this structure. The Albion hotel, across the road, was constantly in great danger, the roof having caught several times from flying masses of burning sparks. But here, too, the workers showed themselves equal to the occasion and water was copiously applied on the roof. How the building caught fire is not known, but it was either a case of incendiarism or the very improbable one of accidental firing from the outside, as the outer wall, next to Sharpin's shop, was a mass of fire flaming over the roof when the alarm was given and the fire was just taking hold inside as those arriving first reached the scene. There was no insurance on the building as it was just being bricked up, and Mr. Bean who has now for the third time been the victim of apparent incendiarism, does not feel strongly disposed to invest his money for the amusement of fire-bugs. We hope the matter will be thoroughly investigated, for with the inferior fire protection in the village, property owners cannot afford to risk the presence in town of that most detestable of all persons, the incendiary.

**Redgrave.**  
Misses Lulo and Gertie McLeellan, of Toronto, spent their holidays with the family of Mr. Richard Morrell.

The builders have commenced on the barn of Mr. Geo. Johnston, which when finished will be one of the finest in the township. Mr. Stephen Brown is also having a fine barn built.  
Mr. John L. Veal who has been spending his Easter holidays with his uncle, Mr. L. A. Mason, has returned to Toronto to resume his studies.  
Mr. Wilcox, formerly of Toronto, but

now of this place, gave the old people a grand party. They spent a very pleasant evening, and it made them feel as young as forty years ago.

Seeding is very nearly done in this neighborhood. A few more fine days and the seeding will be finished.  
The cold frosty nights has injured the fall wheat in this locality.

**Fordwich.**  
Farmers in this section are in the throes of seeding. The land is in excellent condition for working, but a warm rain would be welcome.  
Our grist mill is hustling these days. They have a large amount of flour, etc., in their store rooms waiting for shipment.

The Fordwich Brass Band is improving every week and we are looking for some choice music this summer.  
Mr. John Clegg was in Gorrie on a business trip this week.  
Mr. Cook is making a great improvement on the tenement house just south of his residence.

**That Baptist Question.**  
[Intended for last week.]  
**Editor Gazette.**—In view of the recent utterances of Rev. Mr. Osborne, and the debate between him and "Second Limer," I thought the following, clipped from the columns of the Christian Guardian of last week, and penned by a representative Baptist minister, might at this juncture be interesting to your readers:

"LETTER FROM A BAPTIST MINISTER.—Permit me, through the medium of the Guardian to inform your readers of the fact that I have this week resigned my position as pastor of Port Elgin and North Bruce (Baptist) churches and shall apply to the Guelph or some other conference, for admission into the Methodist ministry. The above is the outcome of a long and thorough study of the ordinance of Baptism. In so far as I have had opportunity, both in Woodstock College and McMaster Hall, as well as in my pastoral work, I have carried out a resolution which I made when I was immersed, namely that I would study every book on Baptism that I could find, and there is no work known to me that I have not studied. I would prefer being at work for the Master during the time between now and Conference, hence I have taken this plan of acquiescing the Methodists with my desire."

I might say that I was pastor of Nisour Circuit Methodist Church when Rev. W. J. Waddell, the author of the above epistle, was inducted into the pastorate of the Baptist Church of that place. A great stir was made among our people there by the strong statements of the preacher on the Baptist question, going so far as to call the affusion practise "squirrel-gun baptism." I met him several times and he seemed to think himself called to the work of converting Affusionists to the immersion theory, for he was constantly talking on the subject and seeking to convince us of the error of our ways. In the parsonage at Wellburn to which he had come on some matter of business, we had quite a little tussle over the question. He seemed then quite conversant with his side of the question, being able to quote profusely from the standard authorities. I did not dream that one so strongly entrenched in his position could ever be drawn or driven from it. But to my great surprise he has changed his position entirely. Why? Is it because he has carefully studied both sides of the question? He says so, and we will not contradict him. I might say I have read nearly all the arguments that are advanced on both sides and if I once was just a little doubtful I am now fully convinced that our position is impregnable and the arguments on this side simply unanswerable. It may be asked as to Mr. Waddell's education and ability? His letter shows him to have attended Woodstock College, and then McMaster Hall and he was regarded when I first knew him as a man of no small mental calibre. He is a man of strong personality, resolute will power and almost striking originality of expression. I refer to this to show that he is not a man to move without a reason. He must be convinced before he will yield and then he will yield reluctantly. I trust the Methodist church may see her way clear to receive him into her ministry, for we want men, who when they come from other churches, do so, not because they might possibly benefit their financial condition, but because upon thorough investigation they know they have reached the truth.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing on your space. I will not touch the controversy, but simply give my experience as above.

Yours for Light,  
J. W. PRING,  
Fordwich, April 18th '92.

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DARING NIAGARA WRATH.

These were daring men before Capt. Webb... of course they found their way to Niagara. One jumped from the bridge 192 feet to the swirling current.

Of accidents some very strange ones are recorded. One lady stooped for a cup of water, lost her balance, and was out of reach and over the falls almost before her amazed husband knew what had happened.

In 1875 an accident equally sad and foolish occurred. An engaged couple went behind the falls into the Cave of the Winds without a guide.

Of escapes there are one or two narrow ones almost beyond belief, and which involve stories of skill and bravery worth telling. Not many years ago a painter was at work on Second Sister's island.

In another case a boatman was crossing the river; above the falls when a fog suddenly came on. He lost his bearings and knew he was drifting to death.

For the moment it held. How soon would it part? He shrank from feeling along the strands. He was afraid not to, lest he should read his fate in the twine, tense and twanging under the current.

An escape of another sort was that of a murderer. The sheriff was behind him, the river in front, and only the wires of the old bridge at Lewiston to help him across.

A Remarkable Oloek.

Japan possesses a remarkable time-piece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a moonday landscape of great beauty.

Severa.

The Texas prohibitionist is a prohibitionist indeed. A little son of a Waco prohibitionist said to his father: "Pa, I read in a book that a long time ago Circe turned men into swine; do such things happen nowadays?"

Which It Was.

Some—a fashionable shop. Enter a society lady, addressing a shop assistant: "I wish to exchange something I bought yesterday."

BARTH'S AWFUL GUNS.

They Hurl Rock Precipitates of 100 Cubic Yards 16 Miles High. In 1783 Cotopaxi ejected its blazing rocks more than 3,000 feet above its crater.

The molten stream from Vesuvius, which passed through Torre del Greco in 1737, contained 33,000,000 cubic yards of solid matter. The year 1793 witnessed the destruction of Torre del Greco the second time from the eruptive action of Vesuvius.

Vesuvius in A. D. 79 vomited forth an amount of matter whose bulk far exceeded that of the mountain itself. In 1790, Etna disgorged more than 20 times its own mass.

During the terrible earthquake of 1883, not less than 20 large and small Javanese volcanoes were vomiting at the same time. Fifty square miles of land and two villages entirely disappeared.

The Hawaiian group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean is wholly volcanic. They appear where the ocean breaks, and are 18,000 feet deep, have bases that are conical, and have diameters ranging from 10 to 60 miles.

But whence comes this incandescent interior? This is still a primeval mystery, a fiery, glowing condition which is the incipient stage of nearly all bodies in space.

If we inquire into the relationship between volcanic action and earthquakes, we shall find such relationship to be very intimate. The earth's crust is too thick and the rock stratification affords too much resistance for an outbreak to occur where there are chances to be a more than ordinarily heavy pressure.

Earthquake and volcanic action are then a necessary consequence from the physical constitution of the globe and such manifestation may be expected long after the sphere is at all habitable.

Just as God Leads.

"Just as God leads me I would go. I do not ask to choose my way; Content with what He doth bestow. I know He will not let me stray. So as He leads I onward move— A child, confiding in His love."

Mothers-in-Law Are Awful Tough.

A feeble-looking Harlem lady called on Dr. Perkins Sonovar. "How are you coming on, Mrs. Fuller?" "I'm not coming on well at all, doctor."

THE POET'S CORNER.

A Song of England. Mr. W. H. Hoag contributes the following poem to the National Review, of which we omit the third verse:—

What have I done for you, England, my England? What is there I would not do, England, my own? With your glorious eyes austered, As the Lord were waiting near.

Where shall the watchful Sun England, my England, Match the master work you've done, England, my own?

Mother of ships whose might, England, my England, With a sword or no sword, England, my own?

The bravest of battles. The bravest of battles that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not Was fought by the mothers of men.

The Fatted Calf. Father and me are getting old; We ain't used to the way. Of hear the old folks' 'stead Of preachin' Sabbath day.

When we were with Andrew's folks, An Sunday mornin come, We posed we'd hear the word an' live In the sweet hymns they sung.

When we stood in that dim aisle, And arch'd an' futed stone, A ray of light on her hair, An' his own features shone.

The organ's grand an' solemn tone Just sounded like a prayer. An' when it stopped it seemed to feel Wings beatin' through the air.

"Bring in the fatted calf, the calf!" Implored the host in earnest care. An' all the rest joined in, as if They couldn't let it go.

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Deeming the Murderer.

Speaking of the man now under arrest at Melbourne, Australia, for wife murder, a London correspondent says: "Deeming, one might say, is quite a characteristic British person. In the course of his evil career he seems to have handled a hundred times more ill-gotten money than Ravachol ever saw."

English hamlet where the landlady of an inn recalls a stranger visiting the place some years ago, bragging about his fortune and displaying fabulous sums of money. These are all unhesitatingly put down to Deeming.

On the other hand, if he realizes the medieval conception of a ferocious and boastful islander, there is something very striking about the thought of him at work in the darkened cabin of the Ballarat all night sawing with a piece of broken eyeglass at his heavy monstache and pulling out hair by hair what he failed to cut off.

Up to the present it is probable that the newspapers of England and Australia combined have paid something like \$100,000 of cable tolls on account of this phenomenal assassin.

Sign-Language of the Indians. Make a letter A with your hands and look the ends of your fingers.

Make a letter A with your hands and look the ends of your fingers. Keep your hands in that position, and bend them down so that your fingers point away from you.

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It requires a definite aim to make a hit in life. The society of good people is always good society. It takes a thinker to make another thinker think.

Our best successes are built upon a foundation of failure. There is nowhere any apology for despondency. As an appliance for the improvement of one's friends a habit of scolding possesses no appreciable virtue.

A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.—Alexander Smith. Domestic rule is founded on truth and love.

Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live more deeply. Love and sorrow are the two conditions of a profound life. Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites to any good cause.

We make provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning. Pain is the spurting of nature that comes to remind a man that he has gone off the track of happiness and to bring him back again.

I know of nothing in our day more painfully and surely indicative of the interior wrongness of our life than the inability everywhere manifest to rest and be quiet. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn to, and generally elevating him into a kind of hero.

It is well enough to be humble, but it is possible to boast of your humility until it pours into the worst kind of self-pride. A man will not lose if he talks much about it. Without earnestness no man is ever great, or really does great things.

It is the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not it in depth of shadow. The art of not hearing should be learned by all—there are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, and detract from contentment and happiness.

Faith which loves not itself, it is dead. It is like a body without a soul. Love is the life of faith, both should grow together. The more we love the more we trust. Want of love is the cause of all want of faith.

Leap Year Ode. And this is leap year, so it is, Just once in every four, Adds but one day to this month; Just this and nothing more.

And this time-honored privilege, That this the leap year brings, To girls quite willing to be wed, Means heaps of other things; It means a home, oh, meaning word, Made up of loves and cares, And makes them think of pillow shams, Of bedroom sets and chairs.

It means mankind's most honest state Then earnest life begins, And makes them think of girls and boys, And sometimes come as twins Now then young man, heed my lesson, There's purpose in my rhyme, 'Tis to guard you from the danger Of some leap year design.

For should some girl propose to you, And you by chance accept, Let me picture your position, If not in fact, effect. Then your wife will wear the breeches Throughout your life's career, While you in meek submission The petticoats may wear.

When you see this trouble coming, The symptoms you may trace, At these premonitions always, Of a crisis in the cast, Go and boldly pop the question, 'Twill save you anxious thoughts, Then, you may parade in breeches, Leave her the petticoats.

Just take her little hand in yours, Your other round her waist, Squeeze her gently lest the timbers In her corsets be displaced; Speak it softly, say it fondly, "Oh Sarah Ann Maginnis, Can't be your 'hubby' Or shall my name be 'Dinnis'?"

She will in choicest language then Consent to be your wife, To make it more emphatic, say, "I will, 'you bet your life." Women, after this you needn't Promenade so very late, Or stand and chew the pickets That adorn the little gate.

Yes, you may then run the parlor, The dining room and hall For a season. With her mother Be dandy of them all. All your virtues will be canvassed, And all your failings will be hid, And we hope you won't repent it For doing as you did.

Now just one single act remains This comely to end, And trust you'll find in Sarah Ann An ever constant friend. Go and get a marriage license, Don't forget the Firs' Command, And in honor swell the census, Do your duty; be a man. —JAMES SINCLAIR.

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired. Of all the earthly music that reaches farthest into Heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart.—J. W. Beecher. Jimmieboy (viewing a bald-headed baby on him) "Papa, aren't you going to pin it on him?"

THE WOLF CHILDREN.

Raised by Wolves, They Partake of the Animals' Nature. The Rev. Dr. Jewell—H. Seelye writes as follows in the Congregationalist:—In November, 1872, I saw at Secunda, near Agra, in Northern India, a boy who had been brought up among wolves.

He was found in 1867. Some men, passing through an unfrequented jungle, suddenly came upon a child apparently five or six years old, without clothes and running upon his hands and feet. They tried to catch him but he disappeared in a large hole which was evidently the lair of some wild beast.

Unable to unearth him by digging, and not starting into the hole themselves, they reported the fact to the magistrate of the district, who directed them to start a fire at the mouth of the den and smoke out its inmates of whatever sort they might be. The fire was started, when presently a large she-wolf dashed out of the hole, scattering the fire and speeding away for safety.

She was soon followed by the boy, whom the men had seen before, and whom they now caught with difficulty. He was evidently a child of human parentage, but with the appetites and ways of a wolf. He could not walk erect, he was without clothes, he had no language but a whine, he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and would lap his drink like a wolf.

After keeping him a while the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secunda, under the care of the church missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for and where he has since been an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there. He has been taught to walk erect—though he does this awkwardly—to wear clothes, to drink like a human being and to use a fork and spoon.

He has lost his appetite for raw flesh, and he has no longer any disposition to escape. He has also been taught to do a little work, but he does not like to work. He has become wholly inoffensive, and mingles freely with the children, among whom he has his favorites. He evidently hears well, and understands many things which are told him, but he has never uttered a word or shown any wish to speak, though many efforts have been made to teach him articulation.

He is now, as far as can be judged, about thirty years of age. His forehead is low, but his features are regular, and his eyes, though wild and restless, have not an idiotic look. His jaws do not protrude, and his teeth are regular and human. His arms, legs and body differ from those of an ordinary human being only so far as incident to his habits of locomotion when he was first found.

How far he has ever become conscious of moral or religious truth it is impossible to say. The nearest approach he has shown to something like an apprehension of an unseen world was in connection with the death of one who had cared for him and of whom he was very fond. At the funeral, as the body was lowered into the grave, the poor boy looked wistfully at the coffin and then at the bystanders, evidently wondering what it all meant.

By gestures and other signs, by feigning to be sick and dying, and then pointing downward and upward, the bystanders seemed to awaken in him some strange thought of something which could not be seen, and afterward, when sick himself, he laid down and closed his eyes and pointed to the earth and sky.

From a friend in India, who has recently seen him, I learn that he is still living at the orphanage where he was first taken, and in a report of the orphanage, which was lately come into my hands, I find also the statement that three other children—two boys and a girl—found under similar circumstances and all with similar characteristics, have been brought to the institution, though none of these have lived longer than a few months after their capture.

There are also other well-authenticated instances of a similar sort. These strange stories awaken many inquiries which are not easily answered. We find no instance yet of the wolf evolving itself into the human, but here we have the human easily losing its most essential characteristics and taking on the type of a wolf. Does the human life left to itself undergo more natural than development?

Throwing the Shoe. In the middle ages the bride was led to church by the bridegroom's men, the bridegroom by the bridesmaids; according to the Sarum missal, sops of wafers, immersed in wine, were blessed by the priest and distributed to all the wedding company at the conclusion of the ceremony, as previously stated—an evident imitation of the Roman "confarreatio."

It is also the custom of scattering wheat over the bride in token of fruitfulness, which originated in the worship of the goddess Ceres, and which still lingers among us in the form of rice. The throwing the shoe is a relic of an Anglo-Saxon custom. In those early days the bride's father delivered her shoe to the husband, who touched her with it on the forehead, to denote his authority over her. This custom was probably founded upon a possible misinterpretation of Ruth iv. 7.

In the middle English period weddings were scenes of great state and festivity. The bridegroom presented to all the guests scarfs, gloves, and garters of his favorite colors, and received in return gifts of plate and other household goods. Hence our modern ideas as to wedding presents.

What Then. Parson Baxter—"I'm mighty sorry to hear that you and your wife might on a fightin' like cats and dogs. Sam Johnson—"I'm mighty sorry myself, but dar's no help for hit. I has prayed to de Lawd about me and my wife, dat one ob us be tucken away."

Parson Baxter—"Sposen de Lawd heahs yer pray, and one ob you be tucken away—what den? Sam Johnson—"Ef de Lawd heahs my pray and one ob us is tucken away, den I gwyne ter move to Washington and marry a white woman."

A Matter of Wages. "I tolsever, James," said the employer, "that you say 'eether' and 'neether.' Are you not aware that such is not our pronunciation of those words?" "It doesn't seem to me," replied the boy despondently, "that you ought to expect me to say 'eether' and 'nyther' on a salary of ten dollars a month."

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired. Of all the earthly music that reaches farthest into Heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart.—J. W. Beecher. Jimmieboy (viewing a bald-headed baby on him) "Papa, aren't you going to pin it on him?"

Lucindy.

When Lucindy's eye do shine like a ripe muscadine...

A Reasonable Request.

The American sporting papers appear much interested in the success of the petition to the Dominion government to protect our salmon streams...

A MONTREAL MIRACLE.

After Seven Years of Helplessness, Health is Restored.

Statement of the Remarkable Case of Miss Ramsay as Investigated by a Reporter of Le Monde.

During the past year newspapers in various parts of the country have chronicled accounts of marvellous cures from the use of a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People...

Seeing the King.

It was either in the time of George III. or IV. or maybe, William IV.—the old journal I take it from doesn't say which...

To See a Bullet's Flight.

A late scientific authority states that by saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target...

Have You Thought of It?

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief...

Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life...

Adversity has this effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—[Horace.]

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Be Sure You Get the Genuine. Made by The Albert Toilet Soap Company.

The Sudbury Mines.

A powerful French syndicate has been organized for the purpose of acquiring nickel lands in Algoma and carrying on mining, smelting and refining operations. A member of the syndicate, who occupies the high position of admiral, was last fall sent to make the preliminary investigations, and he has made a highly satisfactory report.

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF Lime and Soda.

Palatable as MILK. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ontario. Sold by all Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00.

CATARRH CURED FREE

DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. send in stamps for postage and we will mail you a free trial package. Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Shah's Treasury.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff obtained permission for Mrs. Bishop, the authoress, to view the Shah's "Museum," or treasure house. She says of it: "The proportions of the room are perfect. The floor is of fine tiles of exquisite coloring, arranged as mosaic. A table is overlaid with beaten gold, and chairs in rows are treated in the same fashion. Glass cases round the room and on costly tables contain the fabulous treasures of the Shah and many of the crown jewels."

True Service.

The whole sum of this title of life is service. Service to others and not to self. This is a narrow space. I wish to speak to the young men who have just opened the door of life and to the old men who are just before the door that opens to a life beyond. Life is not an existence for self. It is this service that is the grand exponent of a successful life. To determine what success a life may attain is to see how much a life may accomplish for the bettering of humanity. I wish I had the power to convince everyone of my hearers of the importance of service. In service you throw yourself into another life. The other life becomes part of yourself, you part of that other life; you are one. You work together for the bettering of the world. Just so you enter into God and the divine life enters into you. You do not surrender to pope, priest or church, but still have your own independence. You simply surrender to God.

Taking Him Down a Peg.

Brown is a fellow who loves to push himself forward on all occasions. Not long ago he engaged a stranger in conversation in a hotel lobby, and after a few minutes he remarked: "Excuse me, but your name, please?" "Brown," replied the stranger graciously. "Ah, mine is Brown, also," he chirruped with a pleased smile. The stranger's face was imperturbable. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Also," he said very quietly, and Brown wilted.

A Frigid Reminder.

"The weather this morning reminds me of a certain South American republic," said the Snake Editor, as he came in, rubbing his hands. "Ah!" replied the Horse Editor, with a fine lack of interest. "Yes; little Chili."—[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

Theory Versus Practice.

"Half of this bottle of wine is gone. It seems to me that you should be able to stand the temptation," said Pennybuncker to his colored servant. "Dat ar an easier said den done, boss." "At any rate, you should come out like a man and say that you stole the wine." "Dat ar an easier done den said, boss."

The Coldness of Lake Superior.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, demanding skilled seamanship and the use of powerful and staunch boats, the majority of which are comparable with the vessels in our Atlantic coasting trade. The lake is a veritable womb of storms. They develop quickly there, and even more speedily the water takes on a furious character. It is always cold, and the atmosphere above and far around it is kept cool all summer. I have been told, but cannot verify the statement, that the temperature of the water in the open lake never rises above 46° Fahrenheit. As a rule, the men who sail upon it cannot swim. The lake offers no inducement to learn the art, and, alas! those who are expert swimmers, and who are able to swim any great length of time in the open water. When I was making inquiries upon this point, I found, as one almost always does, some who disputed what the majority agreed upon. I even found an old gentleman, a professional man of beyond seventy years of age, who said that for several years he had visited the lake each summer-time, and that he had made it a practice to bathe in its waters nearly every day. It was chilly, he admitted, but he did not stay in very long. But many sailors, among them some ship and steamship captains, confirmed my belief that few Lake Superior seamen have learned to swim, and that the coldness of the water quickly numbs those who fall into it. I asked one captain how long he supposed a man might battle for life, or cling to a spar in the lake. He answered, very sensibly, it seemed to me, that some men could endure the cold longer than others, and that the longer he could keep alive. "But," he added, "the only man I ever saw fall overboard during the winter before we could get to him. I always supposed he took a cramp."

A Marvellous Criminal.

Linking the various disclosures in the career of Deeming, the man under arrest in Australia for murdering his wife and children, the police reports disclose the most marvellous criminal career ever known. Since starting on a systematic course of crime at Sydney, N. S. W., the man has operated successfully at Bathurst, N. S. W.; Brisbane, Queensland; Adelaide, Victoria; Christchurch, New Zealand, where it has been discovered that he married under the name of Delmart, and robbed and deserted his wife; Wellington, N. S. W., where he married and robbed a girl and absconded; Sydney, to which city he then returned; Cape Town, Cape Colony; Durban, Natal and Johannesburg, where he perpetrated successive swindles. He cleared Durban with £1500 for Mozambique, thence transhipped for British India, thence travelled by boat via the Red Sea to England, and operated in London, Hull and Liverpool. From England he fled to Montevideo, Uruguay. Everywhere his road has been marked by crime. His escapes have been due to the wonderful rapidity of his movements, his dash of execution and his preputal aliases and disguise. The Scotland Yard authorities declare that from further study of documents and facts in their possession they are able to state positively that Deeming could not have been implicated in any of the Whitechapel or Jack-the-Ripper murders. The coroner's jury investigating the deaths of the women and four children whose bodies were found buried under the floor of Denham Villa at Fair Hill near Liverpool returned a verdict of wilful murder against Deeming.

Rightly Bearded.

"I've quite concluded, dear, to wear some form of beard," said he; "What style of whiskers do you think would most becoming be?" One glance at him, and instantly the maiden did declare— "Yes, 'mutton chops' of course, you know. You'd've such a sheepish air."

He Wasn't in It.

"She's awful ain't she?" "Dreadful." "She fits with everybody, except Mr. Meka." "Yes; why doesn't she flirt with him?" "He's her fiance, you know."

Paltry affection and strained allusions are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; but they are but badges of ignorance or stupidity when it would endeavor to please.—[Goldsmith.]

Documents found on some of the dynamiters arrested in Madrid show that a terrible plot had been hatched to have been blown up were the Chamber of Deputies and the chapel of the Royal Palace.

**BIG TIMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.**

**The Mayor of Truro Sent to Jail by Provincial Legislature.**

No event in connection with Nova Scotia politics since the explosion from the Legislature of D. B. Woodworth 15 years ago has excited the interest manifested over the jailing of David J. Thomas, mayor of Truro, for contempt. Mr. Thomas is one of the wealthiest men in Colchester county, and was the unanimous choice of the town for mayor. Mr. Lawrence, recorder of the town, is a member of the Provincial Legislature. The town wanted to dismiss Mr. Lawrence from the recordership and Lawrence is alleged to have secured the passage of an Act making appointment of all recorders of towns for life at a salary of \$400. A few weeks ago the council preferred charges against Lawrence, dismissed him from office and petitioned the Legislature to repeal the office-for-life law, conspiring to pass which through the Legislature was one of the charges against Lawrence. The sending of this petition was regarded as a breach of privilege, and for this the mayor was summoned to the bar of the House. The Legislature, however, regarding the offer as a petty affair, passed a very weak resolution of reprimand, but the mayor refused again to attend at the bar to hear the resolution read and went home. This was regarded as a gross insult to the dignity of Parliament, and the sergeant-at-arms, with his tin sword and a posse of police, were despatched to Truro to bring the culprit to justice. The mayor was accompanied to the depot by a procession and wildly cheered on his departure. The leading citizens chartered a special train and escorted their chief magistrate to Halifax. He was brought to the bar of the House last night, and his case was discussed until within a few moments of Sunday. The House was packed with an excited crowd. The precincts of the chamber and corridors were lined with people and detectives, the Government evidently fearing either an attempt at rescue or a riot. Special orders were given that Hugh McD. Henry, Q. C., the leading lawyer of the province, should not be permitted to see his client, the mayor. Mr. Henry sought an interview with Premier Fielding, in which very emphatic language was used and a personal encounter seemed eminent. Then Henry pushed his way through the guard of police to where the Mayor was confined, when he found that Attorney-General Longley had prepared an apology that he desired the mayor to offer. The mayor's wife was at his side insisting that he choose death rather than dishonor, and stiffening his back-bone against apologizing. Meanwhile the Legislature was discussing the legal aspects, the Government party loudly demanding that the honor of Parliament be maintained, and the Opposition insisting that there was no law under which the mayor could be punished, and those who voted for it would lay themselves open to damages for false imprisonment. At midnight the resolution of Premier Fielding carried, committing the mayor to the common jail for 28 hours, and his worship was marched through the corridors amid the cheers of the assemblage to the prison van. To-day (April 24) he held a reception and was visited by leading citizens. Upon his return to Truro he will be given a monster demonstration, and will be nominated as the Conservative candidate for Parliament in opposition to Mr. Lawrence, who sought to humiliate him.

The excitement over the case was increased when it was learned that Mayor Thomas was released from jail by an order from the Supreme Court. The case is unprecedented in the political annals of Nova Scotia, and the cases are very rare in which, when a man has been committed for contempt of the Legislature, he has been released on habeas corpus. In the present case the House had no constitutional authority to punish for the alleged offence with which the mayor was charged. Mayor Thomas will immediately institute actions for damages against all the members of the Government party who voted for his commitment.

**The Etiquette of the Table.**

As a people, we Americans have been laughed at for eating too fast, and we are credited as being a nation of dyspeptics, writes Ruth Ashmore in her interesting department "Side Talks with Girls" in the May Ladies' Home Journal. Now, of course, this is generalizing, but you, the eldest daughter, have it in your power to make the hour at the dinner or tea-table one of real delight. It is an easy matter, you will find, to start some pleasant topic: to get your father and brother interested in the talk of the day, so that you all will eat your food more

slowly, and you will achieve what the Frenchmen consider the great art—you will dine, not merely feed yourself. But there are a few little questions about the etiquette of the table that some girls want to know, and these I am going to tell her. She must hold her knife by its handle, and never let her fingers reach up to its blade. Whenever it is possible, a fork must be used in place of a spoon, and that same spoon, by the by, must never be left in a coffee or tea cup, but laid to rest politely and securely in the saucer. Glasses with handles are held by them. A goblet should be caught by the stem, the fingers not entwining the bowl part. Don't butter a large piece of bread and take bites from it; instead, break your bread in small pieces, one at a time, and butter it, that is if you are eating butter, and convey it to your mouth by your fingers. Olives, celery, radishes, strawberries with stems, and asparagus, are all eaten with the fingers. The old method of eating cheese with a knife has been given up, a fork being used in its place. The use of many small dishes for vegetables is not in good taste; indeed, many vegetables should not be served at one time.

The great bridge over the Mississippi at Memphis, Tenn., is practically completed.

Hon. Gains Turner, M. P. P. for Albert, N. B., died from an abscess at Fredricton on Monday.

A quarry of lithographing stone is said to have been found in Utah. Such stone is at present supplied exclusively from Bavaria.

Frank Hick, of Bothwell, had his arm crushed off while attempting to jump on a moving train at that place on Monday.

Mr. Nicholas J. Power, assistant accountant of the G. T. R., Montreal, has been appointed general passenger agent to succeed the late Wm. Edgar, Mr. G. T. Bell has been promoted to be Mr. Powers' assistant.

**REMOVED.**

**J. H. Taman,**

**Practical Tailor**

HAS Removed to the new building which has been fitted up for him just opposite the Albion Hotel, Gorrie, where he is prepared to meet his friends as usual, and to attend to all orders given him. He is a PRACTICAL WORKMAN and has held positions of trust in some of the best shops in the Dominion; has had a thorough training and experience in the Cutting Department, and will

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Cutting and Repairing done to Order.

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**Tomato and Cabbage Plants for Sale.**

Tomatoes, 25c. per doz.  
Cabbage, 25c. per 100.

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First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50  
BRAN.....per ton. 14 00  
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Special attention given to **GRISTING,** which is done on the shortest possible notice.

**Highest Price Paid for Grain.**

The mill is fitted through with the very best roller process machinery and appliances and we are confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction.

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**Boots \* and \* Shoes,**

For Children, For Boys,  
For Girls, For Gentlemen, For Ladies.

**Small, Large, Low-priced, High-priced, Fine, Coarse, Light, Stout.**

Everybody can be suited. I am prepared to compete with any city, town, village or country store in Western Ontario.

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- or anything in the printing line in the neatest style of the art, and

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**Estimates Furnished**

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Editor.

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It is a solid fact that cannot be gainsaid that our facilities for buying goods are second to none in the County.

It is a solid fact that we do not deal in low priced, inferior or shoddy goods in order to sell cheap, but we always aim at giving our customers first class goods that we are not afraid or ashamed to stand behind after they are sold and sell them as low as possible consistent with living prices.

Our motto is 100 cents worth of goods for the \$ every time, we propose to both buy and sell this way.

Our stock for the Spring is now fully assorted and we shall be pleased to compare goods and prices with anything in the trade.

Our Spring Millinery Opening is on April 5th, and following days.

**W. S. BEAN**

Montreal House,

**GORRIE, ONT.**



"LOST."

A Story of the Australian Bush.

"Linn, old man, we've lost the track!" "Don't be a howling idiot, man. Lost how could we be lost? Why, there's the track right ahead, and pretty fresh, too."

"But Anderson flung himself off his horse on to the dry grass and covered his face with his hands." "All you," reiterated his mate, leaning forward in his saddle and shading his eyes.

"What can we do?" he asked. "We must spell a bit. The horses are done. As it is, I'm afraid your's will be left and we'll have to go on foot. There must be water about somewhere, for look at the crows; but we can't find it, and we couldn't have searched more carefully."

"Why not shoot the old horse if he's no good. His blood might—" "Nonsense, man. Aren't you bushman enough yet to know that drinking blood's only the beginning of the end? Once we do that—" "Well after?" asked Helm.

"But the other did not answer, for he, too in his heart, was asking, 'After?' And their lips were dry and parched, and their tongues swollen, and before them lay the salt-pan with right in the centre a little gleam of dark water which mocked their misery. There was no water for him to tie down beneath the scanty shade and rest. They were too weary to push on, all their energy had departed, and Helm, lying on his back looking up at the patches of blue sky that peeped through the branches, said with a sigh:

"If we do not, I wish to heaven the end would come now. I can't stand the thought of—of—What's it like, old man? Is it very bad, do you think?" "As bad as bad can be."

"Hinder now, hanging at their necks, were a heavy burden. Wiser than their masters, they had crawled beneath the shade, scanty as it was, of the boxwood trees, and stood there patiently waiting—for what? For death and the pitiless crows patiently waiting overhead."

"Exactly," Helm answered, his companion's unspoken thought, "but we can't sit and wait like that. Man, we must try to get out of this at any rate. We can't sit here and wait for the crows."

"What was he to say? What could he say? Not that he had so little, but so much. And it might never be read after all, or at best it would only be read by some station hand who, once they were dead, would give but a passing thought to their sufferings. They had found a skeleton, he remembered, the first year he had been on 'Yerlo,' a skeleton that must have been lying there years, a poor, wind-tossed, sun-baked thing from which all semblance of humanity had long since departed, and he, in his carelessness, had thought so little of it, had never realized the awful suffering that must have been before the strong man came to that."

"And now—and now—he took his stick and wrote in large printed letters on the crisp salt: "STOP." "LOST."

"James Anderson and Charles Helm were lost on the 20th October. They have gone S. E. from the salt-pan. Will you kindly send word to Mrs. Helm, The Explainer, St. Kilda, and to Miss Drysdale, Glenelg, East Melbourne."

"Then he wrote the name, 'Charles Helm.' It seemed so feeble, so inadequate, not a hundredth part of what he felt he ought to press, and yet, what could he say? Not even in his extremity could he write tender messages to his loved ones. They would know, surely they would know, they would understand that his thoughts had been full of them when he wrote that cold message. What more could he say? He would they ever know the love and longing that had filled his heart? Would his mother ever know that her boy had thought of her at the last? Would Mabel Drysdale understand how he had cared for her?—all he meant to convey by the mere mention of her names? He stepped slowly back and wakened his companion's eyes.

"Mate," he said, "don't you think we'd better be travelling? It's a little cooler now, and it's getting late." Anderson struggled to his feet wearily, and then went down to the salt-pan.

"He broke a branch from a tree, thereby scattering the crows, and stepped down to the edge of the glittering white salt. It crunched beneath his feet like sand, and he went on till the hard crust began to give way beneath him and the thick mud oozed up. Then, when he thought it was moist enough to resist the fierce hot wind, which was blowing from the north like a breath from an oven, he prepared to write his last message. And then came the difficulty. What was he to say? What could he say? Not that he had so little, but so much. And it might never be read after all, or at best it would only be read by some station hand who, once they were dead, would give but a passing thought to their sufferings. They had found a skeleton, he remembered, the first year he had been on 'Yerlo,' a skeleton that must have been lying there years, a poor, wind-tossed, sun-baked thing from which all semblance of humanity had long since departed, and he, in his carelessness, had thought so little of it, had never realized the awful suffering that must have been before the strong man came to that."

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"And a woman, too," laughed Anderson cynically, "if we get out of this you'll learn I expect, just about how little value she set on your care for her."

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Anderson flung the reins to the lad and walked quietly into the house. It was a mistake, he clearly saw, coming back from the grave. He wished he had died within five miles of Gerring Gerring Water.—(Mary Gaunt in the English Illustrated Magazine.)

The Dog Howled or His Grave.

Mr. William Gohm, clerk of the township of Macaulay, Muskoka, a reliable and truthful man, relates this story, which can be substantiated by several of his neighbors, viz., the Zimmonds, Longfords and Phillips. On the corner of the Longford farm and north of Mr. Gohm's there is a small graveyard. About two months ago an unknown colts dog was seen in the daytime and heard howling and crying at night in and around the graveyard. About three weeks thereafter it was ascertained that the dog belonged to Robert Cooper. On the day Robert was passing the graveyard when the dog saw him and ran to him and followed him home. Robert had been unwell for some time, but got much worse the next day and died in about a week. His remains were interred in this graveyard and the dog has been there nearly all the time since and makes the nights hideous by its mournful howling. It has been taken home and tied, but returns to the grave as soon as let loose. The people around there are not given to superstition, being level-headed kind of Methodists, but they are puzzled to know why the dog visited the graveyard and remained there howling before his master died.

Quite a Noticeable Difference.

"Do the men treat you any differently since you have been promoted?" asked his friend. "Yes, a little." "More respectful to you, I suppose?" "Yes; but that's not the most noticeable thing." "Don't grumble when you ask them to do anything, perhaps they're just doing it? Not so much as they used to; but that isn't the greatest difference." "Well, then, what is it?" "Why, they always laugh now when I tell a funny story."

An Amicable Arrangement.

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to a darkey, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the soft sex?" "I foter duel wunob 'bout a gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus. "A duel?" "Yes, sah; yasha and yasha ago. Sam Jackson an myself, we wof lubbed de sam gal; we were bof boun' to git dah, and de business climaxed in er duel. We bof waf a trifle nahvous, sah, an' stead ob me hittin' Sam or Sam hittin' me, we brought down a vallyble mud dat wah standin' neal de fence." "And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested. "No, sah, dat wof bef kinder skeart like. So we entered into and amicable prearrangement."

Germany's Ex-Chancellor.

Prince Bismarck was seventy-seven years old on April 1st. The day was marked by the attendance at Friedrichshagen, where the Prince resides, of a much larger number of persons than usually have invited there on similar occasions. The Prince held a reception in the park and had a hearty word for all who called upon him. He looked remarkably well. A large number of floral gifts was sent to him from all parts of the empire. Numerous deputations from various parts of the country waited upon, and congratulated him, thanking a deputation representing 10,000 miners in the Bochum district, the Prince said that coal and iron were closely associated with husbandry. He himself was a farmer, and he never credited aspersions upon the Bochum industry. The environs of Friedrichshagen were densely thronged all day with people, all desirous of honoring the great German statesman. At night the place was brilliantly illuminated and a torch-light procession was held. The Prince's birthday was warmly celebrated in Berlin and other places throughout Germany. A telegram of congratulations was sent to the former Chancellor on behalf of the members of the National Liberal Party.

Could Wait a Little.

"Padder—'Is your mother in?" "Little Girl—'I haven't any. She's dead." "How long has she been dead?" "Bout a year." "Is your stepmother in?" "I haven't any yet." "Well, I'll wait."

Vigorous Kissing.

Mother—"Bobby, come right up stairs this instant and change your shoes and stockings." Bobby—"They isn't wet." Mother—"Indeed they are, just soaking. I can hear them 'sop, sop, sop,' whenever you walk." Bobby—"That's Sis and Mr. Nicciello's th' parlor."

A Puzzling Reply.

Col. Yerger, having waited a considerable length of time for his supper at an Austin restaurant, as a sort of a hint asked the Irish waiter what o'clock it was. "Twenty minutes to ate, sor," was the reply. Col. Yerger was puzzled to know whether the waiter meant twenty minutes to wait, twenty minutes to eight, or twenty minutes to ate.

Business About to Pick Up. "Wilkins," said the proprietor of the green-house, "how are we off for flowers this morning?" "We've got a pretty good supply," replied the junior florist. "Plenty of 'Jack roses,' American Beauties, violets and lilies of the valleys?" "Lots of 'em." "Raise the price of them twenty-five per cent, and engage an assistant." They've got another wife-murderer in jail.

WHAT HE REMEMBERS.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of a Pioneer in the H. B. Co's Service.

An Indian's Terrible Revenge—A Woman Prays for a Looking-glass in Exchange for Her Child.

Going up in the train to Goldstream, recently, I sat in the seat behind a very old man, who was watching the scenery, as the carriage flew along, with evident enjoyment.

As over. So I sat still and let him go ahead, switching him off occasionally by a judicious word or two into the subject more particularly wished him to speak of.

"I was a raw Scotch lad in the m days," he said, "when we broke up home in Wick and came off to London with the old man, who was going aboard the ship Prince of Wales."

I happened to be held in the lee chains, and when we swung round the anchor chains a long skin canoe hauled in right alongside me, and hooked on to the chains on which I was standing.

"When the 'Prince of Wales' reached the upper waters of Hudson's Bay, I was told by the old hands aboard, who had been in these parts before, that they would show me some.

Wonderful Esquimaux Shooting before we got up much further. They then proceeded to attach to some fine string some big ship's biscuits, and tied them, with about a hang of three feet, to the extremity of every yard of the vessel.

"When I left the 'Prince of Wales,' and after a series of adventures, reached the Fraser River, still in the service of the H. B. Co. I was sent up to posts on the river, and for some time was engaged in salting and pickling salmon.

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A GROUP OF DON'TS.

How to Avoid Incongruous Forms of Expression and Colloquialisms.

Do not say "He speaks bad grammar," but "He uses poor English."

Do not say "I am real ill," but "I'm really ill."

Do not say "I'm not going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

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QUEER THING ABOUT BANKS.

They Give the Depositor Very Slight Evidence of Their Debt to Him.

"Did you ever give any particular thought to how insignificant and informal is the evidence of debt which a bank gives its regular depositors in return for the large sums of money the depositors leave with them?"

"For the \$3,073 in gold and currency, to say nothing of the \$5,263.20 in drafts and silver, which we left with the bank just now, all we get in return were the six figures and the date; no promise to pay—not even an I. O. U. from the bank."

"Positively nowhere else! In many respects I consider this feature one of the seven wonders known of in connection with no other period of the world, so far as I know."

"Some day we will hear of a gigantic fraud of some sort or other as the result of the present deposit book system. Already many small ones have happened, but have been hushed up by the banks."

"It is a generally accepted fact in banking and mercantile circles that this is the one weakest spot in the business doing of to-day."

"Think of it a minute; no contract—not the touch of the pen or a line of printed matter acknowledging obligation on the part of the banks in return for the millions of money daily received by them from depositors! It is certainly remarkable that how and one which should be changed—but how?"

ASLEEP FOR NINE YEARS.

A Young Woman Who Dosed off in 1833 Still Sleeping.

A remarkable case of suspended animation, of scientific interest, is referred to in an issue of the English Mechanic. The sleeper is a young woman named Marguerite Boyenval, of the village of Thionville, in France, who fell into a cataleptic condition on May 29, 1833, since which day she has never shown the slightest sign of returning consciousness.

"During these nine years she has been free from all cares of life, without thought or motion, consequently there has been no apparent waste of muscular or nervous tissue. The hand of time seems to have spared this unconscious sleeper, no change has taken place in her countenance, she appears no older to-day than when she fell asleep nine years ago at the age of twenty-five."

"The eyes are turned upward, so that the pupils are entirely out of sight on opening the eyelids. The lips, when moved, appear to lack the elasticity necessary to return spontaneously to their original position."

"Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions. The pig has forty-four teeth, the dog has forty-two, and mankind only thirty-two."

"A cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contained 1,205 yards."

"At the other day killed a big alligator in Florida by jumping on its neck and biting through the tender hide until it reached a vital spot."

"It is known that the hoofs of horses were protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history—at a time which antedates Pliny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of the fact."

"Snail's eggs absorb moisture. The most singular thing about them, however, is their marvelous vitality. They may be burnt in a furnace and thus reduced to powder, yet on the application of moisture they swell and regain their vitality, hatching out as freely and successfully as if they had been left alone."

"It is the present expectation that every species of fish and other aquatic animals will be enough to be seen, which is native to inland waters, and to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, except, perhaps, a live whale, will be exhibited in the fisheries department of the Exposition."

"A few years ago the owners of a river-side farm in southern Indiana published a report which seemed to prove that for a few weeks hibernating birds of certain species are apt to hibernate, like bats and squirrels. A number of laborers had been clearing a patch of wood at the river shore, and came across several martins or chimney swallows that had taken refuge in a hollow sycamore tree and appeared numb or half dead with cold, but on being brought to a warm room revived and fluttered about the windows as if nothing had happened."

SAVED BY A MATCH.

On the north edge of Manitoulin Island is situated a small village known as "Little Current," which takes its name from a narrow channel of water lying directly before it and separating it from one of the many small islands that lie between Manitoulin and the north shore of Lake Huron.

"I was standing here one day gazing at the dark waters of the channel whirling and eddying in ceaseless agitation as if some troubled spirit concealed beneath vainly sought succor from sorrow, I was accosted by a tall, broomed and weather-beaten stranger, who, judging from his long boots, blue mackinaw and red sash, I concluded to be a 'shanty-boy,' nor was I wrong in this conjecture. In the course of the conversation which ensued he spoke at some length concerning the singularity of this current, and told me that the waters were never at rest. Sometimes they would flow for several days in one direction; at other times they would turn and flow as steadily in the other. So to and fro, year in and year out, their action never ceased. Even in the depth of winter during the hardest freezing weather the channel had never been known to remain frozen over for more than a few hours, or at most, a day at a time, although at that point it is scarcely more than a furlong in width."

"I know the place pretty well," he said. "In fact, there was something happened to me once over on that island,—Goat Island it is called—that has caused the whole scene to be impressed upon my mind in a way that I am not likely soon to forget. I nearly lost my life at that spot, and if you like I'll tell you how it was. I was once expressed to make it a point to come to Christmas, although I may be away all the rest of the year. Some way or another I don't think it would be Christmas to me if I was away on that day. At any rate they always expect me there when the time comes around, and I always manage to be there. They say we shanty-boys are pretty rough lot, but I guess the worst of us don't forget home and mother at such times."

"Between here and where our camp was located there was and is yet nothing but a howling wilderness, and no regular road to travel by. Consequently I was obliged to hire an Indian guide who could take me by the most direct route to make sure of reaching my destination. The day before Christmas then we set off on our tramp, expecting to reach Goat Island here about night-fall. You see between this island and the North Shore lies a great many islands, the channels which separate these are generally frozen over in the winter months, so that there is no trouble in crossing from one to another. But a person can never be sure about the 'Current' here, for though when the weather is calm and cold for some considerable time it may freeze over solid enough to carry a man across, yet as soon as the wind rises the open water is put into commotion, the current rushes through here with great violence, and in a little while the ice is broken up into smithereens. However, on this occasion as there had been an exceptionally long spell of calm freezing weather, I expected to cross in safety. But even the open water should prove to be open, we knew that by signalling a boat to the village we could get a boat to come off and take us over, as there is one kept here for that purpose."

"Well it was a long trudge, and to make matters worse I had not been used to tramping for some time previous. In addition to this the walking was very hard, for the snow was loose and fluffy causing our snow-shoes to sink down considerably at every step. Then, too, there were plenty of hills and rocks to weary to climb up and down, so that before two-thirds of the journey was completed I was pretty well tuckered out. But my Indian guide's name was used to long marches, in fact he had been used to anything else all his life, so that this was mere child's play to him and he showed no signs of flagging. I resolved not to be outdone by an Indian, for I knew he would brag about it afterwards. Therefore I tried to treat the matter as unimportant as possible, as it had been the most enjoyable exercise imaginable."

"When we had completed about half the journey we stopped to partake of a lunch with which we had provided ourselves; and when we set off again Joe lit his short black pipe, remarking as he threw the burnt match away that it was the last one he had, but that he would purchase more when he reached the 'Current.' He thought little of the incident at the time, but found reason to remember it afterwards."

"The trip was a very monotonous one. Everything was still as the grave excepting that every now and then the sharp 'click' of the trees told that Jack Frost was busy. We didn't see a single living creature, not even a chickadee, to bear us company on the way. Unfortunately, too, before we reached the coast-line where we were to take the ice and cross from island to island until we reached this last one, we lost our way, and we got right again we wandered some distance in the wrong direction, and of course wasted considerable time besides. I had now become so tired that I was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other and frequently was floundering in the snow by catching my awkward shoes on obstacles that otherwise I might have avoided. To be brief, it was night-fall before we reached the shore, and to add to our disappointment we had not come out at the right place and so found ourselves still some ten miles from Goat Island. The walking was very good over the ice, however, and we were enabled to dispense with our snow-shoes, which was some consolation."

"By this time a northwest wind had risen and was blowing with considerable force. The sky had become over-cast with clouds which were flying along in a wild sort of chase, and among which the moon soon became so bewildered that she was unable to give much light. Still the worst of our journey seemed over, although I had become so fatigued that, hunting as it was, I was obliged to hang on to Joe's arm for support, much I think to his satisfaction, for he was very proud of his powers of endurance."

"How I ever managed to struggle on as far as Goat Island I do not know, and it would be tedious to tell if I did, but we got there at last about 10 o'clock. The wind had now increased in violence and was blowing a regular gale. It was so keen that it seemed to pierce the very bones like darts of ice. We hastened across the bleak island to the crossing-place and found what latterly we had too good reason to expect. The ice was gone. In its place the water was dashing upon the shore in foam-crested waves and roaring like a mill-dam. We were too late. I was so overcome with cold and exhaustion that with this fresh disappointment I sank down powerless on the lee side of that little clump of cedars you see just to the right of that big rock, every spark of ambition gone. All I cared for now was rest and sleep. Joe knew the danger of allowing me to remain in this condition and tried to rouse me out of it. But I only begged him to let me alone and turned a deaf ear alike to his warnings and entreaties. I no longer felt the cold. I was comfortable now, entirely satisfied, and asked for nothing more. In fact I was fast sinking into that sleep which often passes into the eternal rest. My companion seeing that his efforts were unavailing to prevent for any length of time my dozing off into the fatal slumber now tried to rouse me by shouting with all his might across the narrow channel that had proven so treacherous in our hour of need. I could see lights still shining in the windows of those who had not retired for the night, and he pictured to himself how comfortably they were situated around their firesides while we were being frozen outside not more than a quarter of a mile away. Again and again he shouted with all the energy of his soul, but the roar of wind and waters drowned his voice and his efforts were in vain. The louder he called the louder the noise of the elements seemed to mock him. The hour was late and unless some stranger happened to be on the street at the time it was very doubtful if all his shouting, even if it could be heard the distance, would attract any attention. Then he bethought him of building a fire. But, as you can plainly see, the island is almost totally bare of timber, the only thing that at all resembles wood being a quarter of a mile away. I was noticing growing here and there in small clumps. Fortunately, however, Joe remembered that a small shelter had been built not more than ten rods from where we then were for the accommodation of a few sheep that had pastured on the island during the winter. The boards of this sheep-pen were all of pitch-pine and when once set on fire would make a good conflagration. Joe took them wrenched from their fastenings and piled in a heap. Then with his long clasp-knife he quickly prepared an abundance of fine shavings, and when everything was ready put his hand into his pocket for a match. It was at this moment that the fate flashed upon his mind, for he had the last match left in his pocket. Could he have possibly overlooked one somewhere in a corner of his pocket? He made a thorough search but found nothing except the broken end of one, and that the match was lying on the white like a log entirely unconscious of what was happening around me,—but I had never been a smoker and had no occasion to carry matches, so he found none on me. Then he hunted his own pocket again in a persistent sort of way, as you know a person will do even after he has lost all hope of finding what he is looking for."

"The future looked dark. One thing seemed certain, that if help did not come soon I would be past all help, for I was by this time completely overpowered by the stupor that had seized my senses. As for myself, being inured to the force of hardships, he could possibly have weathered the night out, but he could not bear the idea of seeing a fellow-being perish before his eyes."

"Now in the midst of his despair, as he still listlessly rummaged in his vest-pockets in an aimless sort of way, he happened to find his right hand found its way through a hole in the upper edge of his pocket. This was the entrance to a larger pocket, or rather the space between the lining and the cloth of his vest. Now right down in the very corner of the lining his finger encountered something that caused him to give a great start of surprise. For there where it had lain safely concealed for a long time, no doubt, was nothing more nor less than the piece of a match. But it was only one match, or rather only the piece of one match, and the rest of the match was lying on the floor or failure of igniting it. Joe, however, was a cool-headed fellow with plenty of nerve. He redoubled his care with the shavings, made them so fine and light that a spark would almost set them off. Coarser kindling was placed around these; every stick and piece of wood he had been carrying ready he crunched down closely over the heap with his over-coat unbuttoned and drawn around in such a manner as to exclude every breath of air. Then with steady hand he drew forth the precious fragment of match upon which so much depended. Even at that moment he was not sure that it would ignite, for if it had been overpowered by dampness all his pains would have been useless. But another instant would decide everything. Life or death. With a quick motion he struck the match. It burned up brightly into a little flame. In an instant the shavings were on fire. In the next the heavy pieces were aflame and burning like torches. Every available plank and board and stick was piled upon the rapidly increasing blaze, and in five minutes a great roaring bon-fire was flashing through the night our signal of distress."

"Joe now took his stand before the fire and then he saw a lantern flashing about on the opposite shore. Shortly afterwards came the dip, dip of oars through the water. But of all these things I knew nothing, and when I came to my senses I was lying in bed and someone pouring stimulants down my throat. I could hear the buzz of the mill in the room. In fact, I was safe beneath the parental roof with mother and father standing by the bedside. It was three weeks before we were able to board but if it hadn't been for that lucky piece of match, it is not likely I would ever have been on them again, or telling you now why it is that I remember 'Little Current' so well."

Lynn, Mass. V. H. Mc—

ABOUT THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak. Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater lord," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A long tongue—early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue out of your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab says this import, "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart,"

From Hebrew wit the maxim springs, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer counsels the whole, Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

EDISON

Was asked, "can electricity be used in case of war?"

"That," said he, "I want to talk about. It is true I have invented an electric torpedo, the Sigsbee torpedo, which we have sold out to the Armstrong Gun Company. It is a very fine thing. It is put on a wire, as of course you understand, and moved by electricity. It can be run out two miles ahead of a man-of-war's bow and kept at that distance ready to blow up anything in its reach. It is a very pretty and destructive toy. But it is not in that kind of thing that I take pride. What I want to see is some foreign nation coming to this country to attack us on our own ground."

"That is what I want to see, and I think that electricity will play such a part in war when that time comes. It shall make gun-powder and dynamite go in for humbly obsolescence. I have seen the electric arc, and call him brother. Every electrician, when that time comes, will have his plan for making the life of his enemy electrically uncomfortable. Here is one item of defense which I have in mind."

"It is simple as ABC. I have never spoken or written about it before. With twenty-five men in a fort I can make that fort absolutely impregnable so far as an assault is concerned, and I should only need twenty-five men in the fort to do it. This is not guessing, but a matter of absolutely scientific certainty. In fact, twenty-five men would be a very liberal garrison. Some years ago, when the wires loaded with heavy electric charges began to go up everywhere, I predicted that there would be danger of the firemen receiving deadly shock by the electricity running down the streams of water which might come from the clouds. But I tried it on a cat, and the cat and I found my theory to be true. That is to say I did, and the cat found it out if there is another world for cats. He never knew anything about it in this world."

"In each fort I would put an alternating current of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would have a stream of water of about four hundred pounds' pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current could be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water back and forth with his hand, playing on the enemy as they advanced and knowing them down with absolute precision. Every man touched by the water would complete the circuit, get the force of the alternating current, and never know what had happened to him. The men trying to take a fort by assault, with their hands on the water, would be out of the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to whip America could walk around any such fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death, but the operator would feel like it. He could modify the current gently, so as simply to stun everybody, then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and others, make prisoners for ransom or exchange, make keepers also of the others if convenient, or if not convenient turn on the full force of the current, and send them to the happy hunting grounds for good."

"The picture raised by Mr. Edison is certainly a most beautiful and attractive one. It is nice to think of all the fine descriptive matter that could be written. Such a fort and such a warfare as Mr. Edison has planned would make old-fashioned generals and M. Dettalles of battle scenes turn in their graves. We should have infantry moving on forts at a quickstep, dressed all in rubber, with chilled glass soles to their shoes and non-conductor handles to their swords and guns. Generals would look like a picture from Punch, charging at the front of their armies riding on horses shod with rubber arched, the generals themselves carrying large rubber umbrellas, with gutta-percha handles, over their heads."

"The world owes a great deal to Mr. Edison for the things he invents, and for the ease with which he gets out of the common place and makes life worth living. This fact was pointed out to Mr. Edison, and then this question was put to him: 'The world owes you a great deal. How much has it paid you for the work you did?'"

"Oh, that I know," said he. "Probably as much as the world thought it was worth."

"Mr. Edison, some people think you have made untold millions. Incidentally they are glad if you have. Others say you have not made much anything. That most of the money you have gotten out of the common place and other gentlemen fat and happy. Could you take the trouble to go carefully over with me all your inventions, make an estimate of the amount of money which they produce, and give me some idea as to what they have got out of that wealth."

Mr. Edison then gave the following list of his inventions, which, as he said, were his commercial inventions; that is to say, those which by returning a profit had proved their own success.

"The electric light, and that list is interesting, because, written in his own handwriting, it gives his own estimate of his personal share in the various electrical inventions with which his name is connected."

District Telegraph.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

Quadruplex System of Telegraphy.—"That is my invention."

Stock Ticker.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

Telephone.—"One-half my invention."

Electric Pen and Mimeograph.—"My invention."

Incandescent Lighting System.—"My invention."

Electric Railroad.—"I am one of the inventors of that."

Photograph.—"My invention."

"The district messenger service is in use in 600 cities and towns in the United States. The investment amounts to about \$4,800,000 paying about thirty thousand persons, averaging \$1 a day salary."

"The quadruplex system of telegraphy is in use on 72,000 miles of Western Union wire. Eleven years ago the Western Union reports stated that the quadruplex system saved \$500,000 in interest and repairs. Inasmuch as every mile of wire actually repaired does the work of four miles of wire, the quadruplex system represents 216,000 miles of phantom wire, worth \$10,800,000."

"On these \$10,000,000 worth of wires there is no repairing to be done. The value of the wires is, therefore, represented by a saving of \$860,000 in repairs at \$4 a mile annually, besides the interest on the \$10,800,000 which it would have taken to build them. Three thousand men work on my duplex instruments."

"Mr. Edison, how many millions do you make out of the millions which that invention of yours creates?"

"Not many. I sold the system to the Western Union sixteen years ago for \$30,000, and spent the whole of it in experimenting in trying to get a wire to carry six messages instead of four. I didn't succeed. So that financially I am worse off than I would have been had I never invented the quadruplex system."

"How about the stock ticker?"

"That employs about five hundred men at work and represents an investment of \$8,000,000, paying about 5 per cent. a year. From that invention I have received at different times \$30,000. I spent \$80,000 in getting the thing up. That again was a loss."

"Now for the telephone, Mr. Edison. Everybody supposes that you and Prof. Bell have millions stowed away, made on your telephone inventions."

"Bell invented the receiver. That is the end of the telephone which you put to your ear. He was trying to use that simultaneously as a transmitter, but could not make it go. The thing, therefore, did not pay. I invented the carbon transmitter, which made the telephone a financial success by making it commercially available. Here are the financial figures on the telephone, which really stagger me now that I come to look them up. Throughout the world there are at least one million telephones in use. They pay \$50,000,000 a year rental. They represent an actual investment of \$100,000,000 at least, capitalized at twice that sum, and paying about \$10,000,000 a year profit. That invention of mine was a very good thing for the girls, which is a gratifying thought. It employs 20,000 people, mostly young women. I got for the telephone about \$102,000 in all. Taking out what I expended in experiments I probably realized \$25,000 in clear profit. Bell made about half a million. Many people imagine that he made an enormous fortune, but he didn't. It was his father-in-law who made a vast fortune by getting control of much stock."

"My electric pen and mimeograph duplicating apparatus is used very largely here and in Europe. Three hundred men make a living out of it. The profits on that are not large."

"My incandescent light system is the most satisfactory to contemplate regarding the employment it gives to great numbers of men. Throughout the world 36,000 men make a living out of that invention. In my shops at Schenectady I employ 3,800 hands; at my Harrison lamp works, 1,000 in the New York works, 150. About four million lights are burning. These represent an investment of cold cash of a hundred millions. I can count up eighty-seven millions. In addition to that customers have paid twelve millions more for the installation of wires. The thing is capitalized, taking all of the companies together, at about two hundred millions, paying for 4 to 20 per cent. a year. My patents on incandescent lights netted me about \$140,000 I spent about \$400,000 in experimenting."

"The electric railway is, of course, not such a big enterprise. I built the first in the United States at Menlo Park in 1879. It was three miles long, and on it I obtained a speed of forty miles an hour. I sold it out long ago. I did not get my money back on it."

"The phonograph is a new thing. It will take four or five years to pioneer it. It will be greater than the telephone. To pioneer a thing is to get it on its feet. It took twelve years to pioneer the typewriter. Yes I might invent an electric typewriter, a noiseless one, but the thing is not pressing, as it is in very good condition now. I have sold the phonograph out, but about that there is a complicated story, which need not be told. I have made no money out of it, but there is one thing which I am now working on out of which I shall make money and of which nobody can get any share except the boys here who own the thing with me. That is the magnetic concentration of iron ore. It is the latest commercial thing I have got up. I have a mill at Ogden, N. J. with a capacity of 2,000 tons in twenty hours. This is the idea briefly. Iron ore is not Bessemer ore unless it contains as little as a fifty thousandth part of one per cent. of phosphorus. If it has more phosphorus than that, it is brittle and cannot be used in making Bessemer steel. We are obliged for our Eastern manufacturing interests to import Bessemer ore from Algiers, Cuba, Spain, etc., as the freight from Michigan is too expensive. We import about 1,600,000 tons per year. New Jersey contains the largest strip of area of primal rock containing ore in the United States. There is probably more ore in this State in the prime rock than in all the rest of the States put together. The magnetic concentration of that ore would produce enough to supply the United States for centuries. The process of concentration—that is, of extracting magnetically the small particles of ore from the rock in which it is scattered—makes it Bessemer ore of the highest quality by destroying the phosphorus in it. I have been for three years leasing all the available deposits of ore in New Jersey."

"From my various patents, so far as the patents themselves go, I have stowed an actual loss in experimenting and in lawsuits of \$800,000. I should be better off if I had not taken out any patents. I do not mean to say that I am a pauper, as you might think from my tale. But my money has not been made out of patents, or out of any protection that the Patent Office has given me. I have made it all out of manufacturing, and I have made quite enough to pay for my experiments and to get a good living which is all that I care about."

"Mr. Edison, Chaney Depew in his speech at the World's Fair dinner commented on the fact that whereas in the exposition in Philadelphia there were only a few overhead wires to tell the tale of electrical inventions, the Chicago exposition will contain a building of great size, devoted exclusively to the progress of electricity, and filled with machines, nearly all of them the work of one man. If you were to try, regardless of space, how big an exposition of your own work do you think you could get up? How many machines have you worked on in your life?"

"Well, it would be hard to say. I have worked on as many as forty machines at one time. An exhibition of all the machines that I have worked at and experimented on if I had kept them would cover about twenty-five acres."—N. Y. World.

"The Height of His Ambition. A teacher had devised a scheme to prevent idleness in the school-room. She had a corner of the blackboard ruled off and inscribed over it the well-known proverb that begins with 'Get up to the ant.' Whenever she caught any young fellow idling down went his name under that motto. One day a small boy was paying attention to anything but his books, and the teacher spoke up. 'Johnny, if you don't go to work I shall have to put your name down in the slug-gard list.' 'Well,' responded Johnny, 'I wouldn't mind being a slugger, cause t'n when I got in a fight, I'd always lick.' The British and French Governments have agreed to prolong the modus vivendi in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries."

EDISON

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Wroxeter.

A large stock of bran, shorts and chop at the Greenlaw Flour Mills, Wroxeter. For sale cheap.

Fine assortment of fancy wall paper at Fox's Drug store,—and very cheap.

Mr. Will Oliphant, of Gorrie, is doing a lot of painting for various people and firms here.

On Saturday last Mr. Clegg was loading oats from his elevator when the building gave way at one side from the pressure of grain within and about 100 bushels of wheat was precipitated into the water of the mill-dam which approaches the elevator on the south side. But for the prompt bracing up of the structure much more grain would have been lost.

Rev. Mr. Osborne, Baptist minister, of Gorrie, preached a powerful sermon to a large congregation in the town hall here on Sunday last.

Fox's wall paper still to the front. A call solicited. No trouble to show goods.

Mr. W. C. Hazlewood, our enterprising boot and shoe merchant, spent Tuesday last in Clifford, where his brother, Rev. Mr. Hazlewood, was visiting.

The excavation for the new Presbyterian church was commenced here this week. The contract has been let to Mr. Davidson, of Mt. Forest, brother of the pastor, for a sum very close to \$5,000, which sum includes nearly all the material.

Rev. Mr. Pring, of Fordwich, occupied the Methodist pulpit here on Sabbath last preaching very acceptably.

The Misses Perkins, of Gorrie, accompanied by Mr. Carter, paid Wroxeter a visit last Saturday.

The small boy is making the most of the fishing season, but the weather has been too cold to make that sport all that a boy's heart is capable of yearning for.

The Oddfellows are renovating their hall and otherwise making it look attractive.

A narrow escape from a double drowning accident occurred here on Tuesday evening. Several lads were playing at the river side, just below the bridge where the water is very deep, when "Skiff" Robinson lost his balance and fell in. He was helped to shore by Master Thos. Rae and a son of Mr. Jones. A few minutes later young Rae slipped from a wet board and went under the water, and after he was nearly drowned a son of Mr. Hemphill managed to get him safely to land.

Howick Council.

Fordwich, April 20th, 1892.

The council met to-day in Brown's hotel, pursuant to adjournment. Members all present; the reeve in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the following changes be made in the pathmasters and road divisions, viz:—Jas. Gibson instead of B. Gibson; B. Gibson instead of C. Walker; R. Pyle instead of C. Rogers and to have lot 19, con. 7; J. Barnard instead of T. Goggins; J. Scott instead of John Anderson; Ulric Augst instead of C. Hallman; A. Findlater instead of A. Stewart.—Carried.

Letter from Mr. W. S. Bean, of the trustee board of the Gorrie Methodist church, read, asking for the use of the township hall.

Moved by Mr. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the township hall be granted free to the trustees of the Methodist church as requested by them for Sabbath services until the new church is erected, by them furnishing coal oil, fuel, etc.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Graham, seconded by Mr. Ferguson, that a culvert be put in at east end of bridge at Fordwich, and the reeve prepare plans as soon as possible.—Carried.

The following accounts were passed—W. Stinson, repairing Gorrie bridge, \$1.50; M. Albrecht, wood for Mrs. McDermitt, \$2.50; John Glenn, rep. New-bridge bridge, \$20; Jas. Burns, culvert, con. 14, 75 cents; Wm. Leonard, repairing culvert, con. 7, 75 cents.

Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the council do now adjourn to meet in the township hall Gorrie, on the third Wednesday in May next.—Carried. Wm. Dane, Clerk.

See the 10 ct. cottonade at the Glasgow House. Ask to see it when in.

Lord Bishop Williams died at Quebec last week.

A Y. P. S. C. E. union for Peterborough County has been formed.

The French vineyards have suffered immense damage from the frost and storms of Easter.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

Bargains are Flying and there is no reason why YOU should not catch one!

Come and see them anyway! We take pleasure in showing our elegant stock.

Watches of all kinds.  
Clox of all kinds.  
Silverware of all kinds.  
Jewelry of all kinds.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

OF

New Wall Paper

Cheap, Dear, Light, Dark, Canadian, American, Micas, Gilt, with Borders to match, and Ceiling Decorations for Rich or Poor, Gilt or Tint, Kitchen or Parlor.

Any reasonable person can select what he requires from our large stock. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY SAMPLE BOOKS.

Express Wagons. We have a fine lot of wagons this season, made by best makers. A good iron-axle wagon for \$1.25; a heavier one for \$1.50. Iron wheel wagon at \$2 and \$2.50.

Baby Carriages. We sell these by catalogue this season. If you want to get one come and examine my catalogue and prices. Will sell very close.

Sewing Machine Needles. We have received a stock of these so that any person wanting anything in this line can be accommodated.

N. M'LAUGHLIN,  
Druggist, Gorrie.

ENLARGED TO 16 PAGES THE WEEKLY GLOBE FOR 1892 AND BALANCE OF 1891 ONLY ONE DOLLAR

THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE.

NO FAKES! NO CHEAP BOOKS! NO JACK-KNIVES! SCISSORS OR CATCH-PENNY OFFERS! BUT A CLEAN, WHOLESOME FAMILY NEWSPAPER UPON ITS MERITS.

Commencing with the issue of 7th October THE WEEKLY GLOBE will contain sixteen pages instead of twelve pages as heretofore, making it the largest and best family newspaper in Canada. Every effort will be devoted to making it BRIGHT, READABLE, ACCURATE and INTERESTING in all its departments. Special pains will be taken with its Agricultural Pages, and MORE SPACE WILL BE DEVOTED TO SELECT READING FOR THE FAMILY.

SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE ORDERS ARE RECEIVED PREVIOUS TO 31st DECEMBER, 1891, WILL HAVE THE PAPER SENT THEM UNTIL CLOSE OF 1892 FOR THE ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

THIS MEANS 15 months of a 16-page for \$1 to every one who subscribes now.

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

For terms, address

THE GLOBE, TORONTO.

Fordwich

Planing Mill.

READY AGAIN!

Logs Wanted.

THE Planing Mill will be ready for work in a few days and I want Good Logs of ANY LENGTH AND SIZE, HARD OR SOFT WOOD, DELIVERED AT ONCE, for which I will pay the best prices.

Builders, Remember

THAT the Fordwich Planing Mill will be ready to furnish you with all kinds of House furnishings, and is prepared to give estimates and take contracts for all kinds of wood work.

L. C. DICKS.

Straw for Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale

200

loads of straw all the way from

5 cents

per load up to

\$1.

Just examine our south window.

It will repay you.

And they are not all in the window by any means; they occupy a good deal of the shop room.

The Ladies who have been waiting patiently for the

Little Boys' Suits

to come in can now see an excellent variety from

\$2 up.

W. Lee & Co.

Wroxeter.

Get Your

Spring

Printing

At the

Gazette

Office,

GO TO W. M. CLEGG'S

Hardware Store,

GORRIE, ONT,

FOR AXES,

FOR X-CUT SAWS,

FOR NAILS,

FOR GLASS,

FOR PAINTS.

FOR GROCERIES.

FOR LAMP GOODS.

PRICES RIGHT.

CALL AND SEE.

W. M. CLEGG.

—IF YOU WANT CHEAP—

Groceries, Canned Goods,

Biscuits,

CONFECTIONS.

And Toys,

Call in at

A. B. ALLISON'S,

And You can Get Everything of the Best Quality.

The Opening of

OUR MILLINERY

Was a Grand Success. We commenced with a fine selection of goods which sold splendidly and we have just received a fine lot of Choice Goods of the very latest Syles.

A. B. ALLISON.

STRAW HATS made over into any other shape.

All kinds of produce taken.

DARBY BROS.,

Fordwich

Hardware Store.

HAVING bought out Dr. Spence's hardware business, and made large additions to the Stock, we are now prepared to furnish GENERAL HARDWARE.

Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools.

Fence Wire, Barb Wire.

A choice lot of Spades and Shovels  
Garden Tools and Seeds.

Churns.

Spinning Wheel Heads.

Axle Grease.

A new lot of Whips.

We have bought a Complete New Set of Tin-smith's Tools, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of Tinware, and do all kind of Repairing on short notice.

Eave troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Harse I am in a better position to do the undertaking of this community than before, and owing to reductions in the wholesale prices of our goods I am in a position to give the use of this magnificent Harse free, that is to say my charges will be no more and in some cases less than before.

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.